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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
MR. TEMPLER SAXE	...	617
CURRENT NOTES	...	617
MORALS FOR MUSICIANS (No. 5)	...	622
DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c.	...	623
NEW PUBLICATIONS	...	623
NOTES ON THE JUBILEE	...	623
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	...	624
THE LUTE "MISSING WORD" COMPETITION	...	624

MR. TEMPLER SAXE.

THE subject of THE LUTE's portrait for this month is the well-known baritone vocalist who has for more than ten years delighted audiences both on the operatic stage and on the concert platform. The name at head of these remarks is not the singer's real one, and is in fact a purely fanciful *nom de guerre*. In his *proprietary* personā he was brought up for the diplomatic service, and is at this moment a Bachelor of Philosophy and Letters of the Brussels University.

On embracing the musical profession he made his *début* at a concert given by Mr. Howard Paul at St. James's Hall in May, 1886. In November, 1887, he joined the "German Reeds," and remained with that company, in which he derived valuable experience, for about eighteen months. In 1889 he joined the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company, of which he was a member for three years. During this time he played Rufino and Paul Jones in the operetta "Paul Jones," he understudied Mr. Hayden Coffin in "Marjorie," and eventually took his part "on tour" during a period of eleven months. In July, 1891, he joined Mr. Wyndham's Company at the Criterion, where he had a small, but very artistically acted baritone rôle in Mr. Burnand's adaptation of "Miss Helyett," "Miss Decima." In due course he appeared as Tom in "Did You Ring?" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and as Vivian in "Morocco Bound," at the Shaftesbury. Subsequently he quitted England under engagement with Messrs. Bonamici and Parkins's "Repertoire Opera Company" for South Africa. With this organisation he filled important positions in such operas as "Olivette," "Falka," "The Gondoliers," "Marjorie," "Pagliacci," "Dorothy," and "Haddon Hall." On his return to England he played Charlie Goldfield in "The Gaiety Girl," under the management of Miss Cissie Grahame, and at the Court Theatre under the same auspices he took a chief part in a revival

of "All Abroad." Last summer Mr. Templer Saxe created the baritone part in "On the March," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The accompanying portrait depicts Mr. Saxe as Sir Guy Neville in "The Royal Round-head," at the Matinée Theatre, where he has been engaged to appear for six months. Mr. Templer Saxe possesses a voice of very uncommon distinction. While a pure baritone in quality and capable of the best effects as such, it nevertheless commands some high chest notes of almost tenor-like limpidity. He has, in addition, a musical perception that is rare among vocalists, and in private life he has inherited much of that charm of manner so characteristic of his father.

P. R.

CURRENT NOTES.

AT a so-called concert given recently in St. James's Hall, by Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, the music was "composed" by 16 persons. Of the large majority of these we had not heard before, though, of course, the names of Miss M. V. White, the brilliant song writer, of M. Hubay, and of Mr. L. Kellie, are familiar. If people really like such thoroughly "modern music" as was provided by at least a dozen of these new lights, no one can object. An abjection of taste can only be deplored. But everybody has a right to resent the introduction of such vulgarity as that mouthed forth with a detestable and almost unintelligible foreign accent by Mr. Maurice Farkoa. His first song opened with these words:

At Christmas time the mistletoe
Ought never to be missing!
Excuse me, please, because you know,
I'm very fond of kissing!

* * *

His second song, to music by Ellaline Terriss (Great Scott!) ended as follows:

What times in that garden old we had,
Laughing all day with no thought of care,
Butterfly beauty you,—Indolent lad—
Mon Dieu!!—I could eat you, ma chère! ma chère!

The extraordinary brutality of both the above quatrains was intensified by the kind of *café chantant* relish which the vocalist imported into them in broken accents. Mr. Coffin was of course not responsible for such blots on his programme. We condole with him, and hasten to add that his singers were infinitely superior to his "composers."

THE second Richter Concert took place at St. James's Hall on May 31st, when Dvôrak's three overtures, "In der Natur," "Carneval" and "Otello" were performed as originally intended as three movements of a connected symphony. M. Gabrilowotsch, a pianist of unusual talent, appeared for the first time in England in Tschaikowsky's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor. His mastery of his instrument is surprising, and his fluency in difficult passages created a great impression. His effective management of the loud pedal was none the less noteworthy because unostentatious. At this concert, Mr. F. H. Cowen produced, for the first time anywhere, his Sixth Symphony. This time the work is termed "The Idyllic," and is in the key of E. To do Mr. Cowen justice, he has scored his new piece with satisfactory sonority; the experienced hand is manifest throughout. But here our eulogy must end. The new Symphony is perfectly tiresome. It has not, so far as we could hear, one original bar in its entire course; and from time to time we were reminded of nothing so much as of a man frantically pumping at a pump from which he can only induce an occasional trickle of bilge water. Wagner's Kaisermarsch rounded off the proceedings and sent everybody away in good temper. It was superbly played.

* * *

THE *Morning Post*, dated June 7th, said: "The June number of THE LUTE, the musical paper so ably edited* is as pleasant and chatty as ever." No doubt the appreciative and kindly writer of the above intended a high compliment, which may or may not be thoroughly deserved. But to be merely as pleasant and chatty as we were, say, four years ago, is not to be extraordinarily pleasant or even conspicuously chatty. Our constant endeavour is to become more *readable*, and any of our friends who have attempted to struggle through *The Musical Times* will recognise that this is an ideal not only difficult to realise, but apparently hardly ever aimed at where music is concerned. Any suggestions from our subscribers of a way in which our dear little paper can be rendered more widely popular will be welcomed, and if practicable, acted upon. There is absolutely no reason—except, perhaps, its superiority—why THE LUTE should not be read to-morrow by the humblest among musicians, just as it is to-day by the most prominent.

* * *

THE Handel Festival of this year was, for general excellence, far in advance of any of its predecessors since we can remember. In particular the chorus and band manifested a vital interest in the performances that was very striking. The festival is distinctly a national affair, and it was fitting that in this

year a more than ordinary amount of enthusiasm should have been displayed. Of the "Messiah" there is little to say that has not been said a thousand times, but for the "Selection" day, and the performance of "Israel in Egypt" no praise can well be too high.

* * *

WHEN one reflects that in the chorus were massed bodies of local solo vocalists, leaders in Cathedral Choirs, it is impossible to deny that Handel's music must possess a very powerful attraction, quite apart from the admirable organisation which brought these fine voices together. It may be the fashion among modern "aesthetes" to decry Handel, to point to his pilferings—mostly from himself—and to minimise his devotional attitude. The fact remains that a scene of rapturous appreciation, amounting to emotion, was witnessed at the Crystal Palace on behalf of a grand old man who flourished some century and a-half ago. Handel was as nearly an Englishman as makes no difference. He wrote for us, he lived with us, he may have laughed at us. But Continental nations have never attempted to deny his supremacy in the field of oratorio, and "The Messiah" will live when Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" are heard no more. Do not misunderstand us, dear reader; we infinitely prefer "The Redemption" to the "Messiah" and "Mors et Vita" to "Israel in Egypt." But it is futile to set our twopenny-halfpenny judgment against the consensus of long-tried public opinion.

* * *

As hinted above the chorus sang, and the band played the music of "Israel in Egypt" with actual emotion. The performers did not sing or play their parts in the perfunctory fashion of those engaged by the day or hour. It was impossible to listen to them without perceiving that their services were rendered *con amore*; they loved their work, and under such circumstances the work shone as it has, possibly, never shone before.

* * *

THE soloists of the Festival were, of course, the pick of the profession. Mr. Edward Lloyd surpassed himself, and Miss Ella Russell was almost as remarkable for her *recherché* costumes as for her brilliant singing. Miss Clara Butt has a grand voice, but she did not always exhibit the best method. Madame Albani and Madame Nordica also appeared—the latter receiving an ovation after her absence, and Mr. Santley, the veteran baritone, acquitted himself in the beautifully artistic manner which custom cannot stale. The Handel Festival of 1897 was a record one.

* * *

THE 37th Concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society took place on June 2nd, when the programme included a novelty for



Londoners in the shape of a "Fantaisie in A minor" for piano and orchestra, by Miss Rosalind Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester. Miss Clara Asher furnished the solo part, and she did every justice to her music, which was composed by invitation of the Gloucester Festival Committee of 1895. The piece is constructed on two principal subjects, and includes a middle section in slower time, which may be described as *à propos de boute*, or as a flight of genius, according to taste. Another, and this time, complete novelty, was a dear little suite for violin and orchestra, by Signor Achille Simonetti, who himself took the solo part. We were much and pleasantly affected by Mr. Clarence Lucas's "Study on Wagner's 'Spinlied'" (from "The Flying Dutchman") which was beautifully played on the piano by Miss Clara Asher in the second part of the concert. Two "Northamptonshire Songs," arranged by Lucy E. Broadwood, were delightfully sung by Miss Kate Lee. They were simply but charmingly harmonised, and reflected the utmost credit on the adapter.

* * *

MISS "KATIE" GOODSON tackles the piano-forte in excellent professional style—we loved her rendering of Chopin—but surely the name "Katie" ought to be enough for her. "Katie" has an arch and music-hall flavour unbecoming the concert platform. Of course, if her sponsors named her "Katie" at the baptismal font, we can only sympathise with her.

* * *

THE LUTE's young man says he was back too late from the Eton fourth of June to hear the first part of Miss Adela Verne's concert at the Queen's Hall. But he was in time to hear Mr. G. Henschel's Prelude to "One Way of Love," a one-act play by Miss Laurence Alma Tadema, written in 1893 and privately performed together with some incidental music from the same pen. At Miss Verne's concert the solo voice, which quaintly enough is heard in the Prelude, was entrusted to Miss Nona Williams, and this number, heard for the first time in public, proved one of the chief successes of the evening. Miss Adela Verne has a pleasing touch on the piano, and a charming face.

* * *

MM. GABRIEL FAURÉ and Johannes Wolff gave a superior concert at St. James's Hall, on June 5th, under Royal patronage. The programme was almost entirely devoted to the works of M. Fauré, who appeared in the dual character of a distinguished pianist and an original composer, not only of numerous songs, but also of such important contributions to chamber music as a quartet for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, and a sonata for piano and violin. Both these numbers were more than ordinarily acceptable, and among the

songs we very much admired "Le Secret" and "Nell," which were beautifully sung by Mr. Theodore Byard. The ever welcome and dramatic vocalist, Mme. Marchesi, was also present, and Messrs. Gibson and Paul Ludwig officiated respectively on the viola and violoncello. This was a somewhat memorable concert, the music being uniformly good and admirably interpreted.

* * *

THE Misses Klean and Lieut.-Col. Wyon gave a grand evening concert at the Queen's Hall on June 8th, on behalf of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund. The Lieut.-Col. opened the proceedings with three solos on the organ. Miss Marie Cabrera sang delightfully a comparatively simple air from Poncielli's "La Gioconda," and the Misses Klean played with fine ensemble some wonderfully neat and musically variations for two performers on a Beethoven theme by the versatile Saint-Saëns. These young ladies wore very pretty spangled bodices. Mr. Henry Such took the place of violinist *vice* Mlle. Irma Sethe.

* * *

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Incorporated Society of Musicians was held at 20, Hanover Square, London, on the afternoon of June 18th for the purpose of taking measures to celebrate the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's reign, and transact other business. Sir Alexander MacKenzie, who presided, said it was a matter of great regret that His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, President of the Society, was unable to be present, the more so as his absence was due to indifferent health, which had prevented him from doing all that was asked of him, especially at this very trying time for any member of the Royal Family. Having alluded to the objects for which the meeting was called, the Chairman read the address which it was intended to present to the Queen. It was in the following terms:—

"The Council and Members of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, assembled at a Special General Meeting, offer their most humble and hearty congratulations to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Empress upon Her Majesty's long and glorious reign of 60 years; they unite in an earnest prayer that Almighty God will long spare Her Majesty to rule over her dominions. In commemoration of Her Most Gracious Majesty's Jubilee it is the intention of the Incorporated Society of Musicians to found an orphanage for the children of musicians."

On the motion of Mr. W. H. Cummings, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, seconded by Mr. Charles Gardner, the address was unanimously agreed to, and a resolution was unanimously adopted that an Orphan School for the Children of Musicians needing help be established by the Incorporated Society of Musicians in commemoration of the Sixtieth Year of the Queen's Reign, and that the Institution be called "The Incorporated

Society of Musicians' Orphan School." It was further decided that Miss Helen Kenway's Orphan School be taken over by the Society to form the nucleus of the proposed Orphanage, subject to satisfactory arrangements being made with Miss Kenway. Mr. W. H. Cummings announced his intention to give £25 towards the establishment of the proposed Orphanage, and an annual subscription of two guineas. It was stated that Mr. and Mrs. Curwen, who were present at the meeting, would give twenty guineas for the same purpose. It was also intimated that the London Section of the Society, at a recent meeting, had resolved to contribute 100 guineas donation, and £40 yearly subscription.

* * *

ON June 9th Mme. Melba gave a grand Concert at the Queen's Hall, assisted by Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and M. Henry Mariotti (violoncello). Signor Arditi and Mr. Landon Ronald conducted by turns a full orchestra. One of the pleasantest numbers was a *piquant* Gavotte by Signor Arditi, which was deservedly encored. So delicate a piece of work, so capitaliy played by the band, was very refreshing; and though we learn that the Gavotte is by no means new, we can only say—like the *Cowboy* in his historical quarrel with the *Jew*—that we only heard of it the other day. Miss Clara Butt sang some very agreeable songs by Bemberg in her best manner, but it is to be regretted that she repeated a setting of "Abide with Me," by S. Liddle, to which she had given more than sufficient prominence in Mme. Albani's concert, alluded to last month. On that occasion we spared her and Mr. or Miss S. Liddle. But now we take occasion to say that the item in question is quite unworthy of Miss Butt's patronage, being, in fact, almost shocking to those who combine any religious feeling with an elementary acquaintance with religious music. Sung as Miss Butt sang it the thing acquired an additionally horrible flavour, the sacred words being dished up to a tune in which her *naïf* endeavour only accentuated the inherent terrors.

* * *

THE number was pathetic, certainly; but not in the sense intended by Miss Butt. It was pathetic to listen to a prominent vocalist who was evidently under the impression that she was doing rather well, and blandly unconscious that she was dignifying a peculiarly rancid form of sentimentality. Mme. Melba, who was in grand voice, restricted herself to a few selections, which she gave in inimitable fashion. Mr. Ben Davies sang "Salve Dimora" beautifully, and Mr. Kennerley Rumford contributed Clay's "Sands o' Dee" and two delightful airs by Miss M. V. White (accompanied by the composer) in his usual refined and musicianly manner.

THE Orchestral Concert of the Students of the Royal Academy of Music took place on June 10th, when Sir A. Mackenzie conducted a most interesting performance. The programme, which embraced no work by a student, was short, comprising only six items, and encores are frowned at on these occasions. Miss Gertrude Peppercorn was once more to the fore as solo pianist, Mr. Aldo Antonetti appeared as violinist in Mendelssohn's *Concerto*, and the proceedings terminated with Sir A. Mackenzie's fine "Jubilee Ode" for solo voices, chorus and band. Nothing is more enjoyable in a certain sense than these concerts of our premier academy, which show from time to time how the young idea is shooting.

* * *

THE Annual Concert given on June 10th, by Mlle. Chaminade, the gifted French pianist and composer whose portrait has already graced the pages of THE LUTE, was even more agreeable than usual. With the exception of a movement from Grieg's violin Sonata in C minor, and a violin solo, by Sgambati, contributed by M. Johannes Wolff, the entire programme was devoted to works by the talented *bénéficiaire*, and never have her charming compositions received fairer interpretation. There was nothing that was not in its way delightful, and it is almost invidious to select particular items for especial praise where all was so graceful, so original, and so musicianly. The vocalists were Madame Ronchini (whose rendering of "A l'Inconnue," "Mon Coeur Chante," and "Avril s'éveille," was simply perfect), Madame Blanche Marchesi (who sang four Chaminade songs, and was encored after "Tu me dirais"), Miss Clara Butt, and Signor Ancona. Of the items entrusted to Miss Butt we may say that "Viens, mon bien aimé" was deliciously pretty and that the "Chanson Slave," which she gave subsequently, suited her superb voice as well as, if not better than, anything she has ever sung in public. We were not electrified by the performances of Signor Ancona. This great operatic artist was, possibly, not heard at his best when dealing with the extremely delicate *nuances* which these chamber songs demand. Mlle. Chaminade herself officiated as pianist in some characteristic and refined solos from her own pen, and she was more than ably seconded in her "Valse Carnavalesque" and other pieces for two pianos by Mlle. Ten Have, whose assistance was also invaluable in the Grieg sonata with M. Johannes Wolff.

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THE third and last Richter Concert took place on June 14th, when a somewhat lengthy series of Wagner selections was topped up with Beethoven's C minor Symphony (No. 5). The Wagnerian items ranged from "Rienzi" up to "Parsifal," and it was good to renew acquaintance with such earlier works as the

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melodious overture to "Rienzi" and the buoyant introduction to "The Flying Dutchman." However the Bayreuth master may have modified his views with regard to operatic music in later years, he might justly have felt proud of both the above; and while in abstract beauty and heavenly inspiration he was enabled to transcend not only them but all his former works in "Parsifal," the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" will remain a classic when most, if not all, contemporary music is forgotten. We need not insist upon the splendid manner in which the very engaging programme was dealt with by Dr. Richter's forces. If the tone was at times a little coarse, the expression was always convincing, and the termination of the proceedings was the signal for a well-deserved ovation.

* * *

THE successful song-composer, Mr. Shiel Dawson, who has recently come so prominently to the front, is now under an agreement for a term of years with Messrs. Patey and Willis, Great Marlborough Street, London. His latest song "Ever and Alway" (words by Clifton Bingham) has just been published by that firm.

* * *

MR. ERNEST FOWLES gave on Tuesday evening, June 29th, at the Queen's Hall, one of his enjoyable chamber concerts, when he was assisted by a distinguished company of his pupils. The programme was most interestingly varied and comprised many works which do not ordinarily meet the ear of concert-goers. A *chaconne* for two pianos in C minor by Judassohn was introduced with great effect by Miss Blanche Turner and Mr. Ernest Fowles, and a new song by that charming writer Mr. Gerard F. Cobb, "The Gladiator," was heard for the first time in public from the mouth of Mr. Arthur Walenn. Mr. Leonard Fowles played the viola, Mr. Jasper Sutcliffe the violin, and the list of pianists (in addition to those above mentioned) included Miss Maude Easten, Miss Dora Whitlie, Miss Joyce Guthrie, Miss Muriel Nixon (in a charming *Suite* by Bargiel), Miss Winifred Jones, Miss Lucy Wyatt, Miss Helen Harper, Miss Jeannie Oliver, and Miss Ethel Garratt.

* * *

MME. ELLA PANCERA gave her third and last piano recital for the present on the afternoon of June 30th at St. James's Hall. She was very becomingly attired in a red bodice and yellow skirt, and attracted a full house. Her playing is characterised by considerable individuality. She has a very strong and determined touch in *forte* passages, but she can produce effects of the utmost delicacy at the proper moments. She met with complete success, which she thoroughly deserved, and Mr. F. Cowen should be grateful to her for the

splendid manner in which she performed a little *morceau* from his pen entitled "A l'Espagnole." This item was loudly encored and had to be repeated. It is a fanciful little piece that pleased us better than anything we can remember to have heard from the same source. The Spanish character is deftly and consistently maintained, and that curious quality of unconventionality, which in Spanish music amounts almost to impertinence, has been nicely imitated. Mr. Cowen may be heartily congratulated on his composition, and his exponent. Mme. Pancera is a very brilliant performer, and she shone in her faculty for conquering difficulties even more than in the execution of simple passages. But her programme was, practically, one long piece of virtuosity, every number being really impossible to any but the most practised soloist. Such *tours de force* as Leschetizky's "La Toupie" (The Top) and Liszt's 12th "Rhapsodie Hongroise" she manipulated with surprising ease and dash. She was evidently a great favourite with the public.

* * *

We fully agree with the erudite critic of the *Morning Post* in the expression of a doubt whether the evening immediately preceding the Jubilee day was precisely the best to choose for the revival of "Siegfried." Those who could flee from town and be at rest had already gone, and most of those who had perforce to remain in London were more preoccupied with the question how they were going to reach their seats early the following morning than with any curiosity as to M. Jean de Reszke's Siegfried. The house was not a brilliant one, and quite unworthy of so important an occasion. None the less the faithful who were present received a rich reward, for never has M. de Reszke appeared to so much advantage. His Tristan and his Lohengrin were masterpieces, but as Siegfried he eclipsed both these impersonations. Herr Seidl conducted, and fifteen years ago he conducted at Her Majesty's Theatre the first performance of this opera in England. The recent performance was one of the best ever given. M. de Reszke had all the juvenile enthusiasm, and the juvenile appearance of Max Alvary in this part; in addition, he brought to bear a voice which, in its charm and *nuance*, cannot be approached by that of any German vocalist. His Siegfried was a delightful revelation, and no mere words can do justice either to his robust singing in the Forge Scene, or his delicate and exquisite treatment of the music during his progress through the Forest, in the second act. He may well have been encouraged by the sweet tones of the friendly Bird who guides him. These were admirably supplied by Madame Saville. Miss Susan Strong was the Brunhilde, and M. Edouard de Reszke made a magnificent Wotan, while Mr. David Bispham showed consummate histrionic power as Alberich.

The "gala" night on the following Wednesday was a great festival, in so much as the opera house was decked with a lavishness and beauty that transcended praise. But a reference to the daily papers will show that only a handful of well-known members of society supported the Royalties who were present. When we see what should be a fashionable catalogue eked out with the names of — — — But there! we do not yearn for a libel action, and a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, whatever that may mean.

* * *

We have over Jubilated ourselves, without a doubt. Everybody paused *before* the Jubilee, and quantities of people paused *during* the Jubilee, under the erroneous impression so widely shared that they might be killed in the crush. Numbers of people who put prices up, and then experienced a kind of death from the inanition of their intended victims, are compelled to pause *after* the Jubilee, and reflect on the unwise of opening the mouth too wide. Great as has been the success of this national celebration, it has been accompanied by many drawbacks. Not a few small tradesmen have been practically ruined by erecting seats for which they had to pay carpenters who struck every second day for more wages, and which, when put up, they could not sell.

* * *

THE next remark has nothing to do with music, but we cannot help saying that the Queen's latest, and most kindly intended, scheme for celebrating her Jubilee, viz., the granting of an extra week's holiday to school boys and girls, amounts simply to making a compulsory present of hundreds and thousands of pounds to boarding school-keepers throughout the kingdom at the expense of the unfortunate parents and guardians. You can think the matter over as long as you like, but that is what it comes to.

* * *

ON the "gala" night M. Renaud made his *début* at the opera; he was heard subsequently as Wolfram in "Tannhäuser." This artist is unquestionably one of the best we have been privileged to hear this season. He has a fine presence, a magnificent voice and a grand method. On Monday, June 28th, "Faust" was given with Signor Alvarez in the title rôle and Mme. Melba as Marguerite. The performance was one of great general excellence, though Mme. Melba was not the complete *ingénue* that she ought to have been. She lacked something of virginal simplicity in the first part of the "garden scene," and, in fact, seemed to be rather encouraging the idea of, shall we say, a flirtation. M. Flon conducted.

* * *

ON June 29th, "Manon" was repeated with Mme. Saville as Manon Lescaut and M. Van

Dyck as the Chevalier. The eminently natural music which M. Massenet has supplied in this opera was beautifully sung by both parties, and the sacred strains in the third act were admirably rendered by the choir. "Manon" was substituted for "Der Evangelimann," which is now announced for July 2nd. An exhaustive criticism of Herr Kienzli's new opera will be found in our next, and any omission by those residing in the country to order the August number of *The Lute* will be almost criminal.

MORALS FOR MUSICIANS.

No. 5. A GENIUS.

A COMPOSER whose really delightful works had long lain neglected on various publishers' shelves was reduced to the verge of despair by the lack of public recognition. In vain he reflected that the best authors have been seldom appreciated until after death; "Give me," he cried in his anguish, "a little money to go on with, and debit the account of my posthumous celebrity!"

This exordium was apparently addressed to the four walls of a squalid lodging for which the quarter's rent was already overdue, but Jupiter must have heard the musician's moan, for a moment later an Idea struck him. Without attempting to return the blow, the Composer proceeded to act upon the Idea.

Seeking out one of the plainest, but at the same time the most prominent among the lady vocalists of the period, he submitted a new song to her, and at the same time craved her opinion of it. She was at the head of her profession, he said; she knew what a good song was; without for an instant hinting that she herself should ever sing it, would she favour him with any suggestions as to how, and with what alterations, it might be rendered admissible into the *répertoire* of a self-respecting artist?

"I do not think that the thing is so bad as it stands," replied the lady graciously, "I will keep it, and look at it when I have time. You see I am engaged at the Squirmingham Festival next week, and before that I have to rehearse Dr. Schubert Fairy's "Nicodemus," and I must be at Squalborough House to-morrow, and the next day at Lady — — —"

"Say no more!" protested the Composer, "the wonder is that one so gifted and *so strangely beautiful* should ever find time—I will not say inclination—for the exercise of charity!"

Pausing merely to catch her reflection in the looking glass, the talented but homely *prima donna* waved a courteous adieu, and within a month she was singing our Composer's song at every engagement. He was shortly in the position to produce Operas and Symphonies

as fast as he could write them, and he has just subscribed one thousand guineas to the Hospital Fund of the Prince of Wales.

Moral.

When dealing with an ugly woman "Strangely beautiful" is an excellent card to play.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES, &c.

OUR provincial correspondents are evidently labouring under severe attacks of "Jubilitis." Practically, the only music heard by our country contributors seems to have been "God Save the Queen" in some form or other. From their loyal and lengthy, but not phenomenally entertaining screeds, we have crystallised this fact, and defer until next month any more particular reference to "Doings in the Provinces."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received the piano and vocal score of "Inès Mendo," a new tragic opera in three acts and four tableaux by M. Frédéric Regnal. The composer's real name is, however, Baron F. d'Erlanger, but he elects to use the *nom de guerre* of Regnal, because a musician named Erlanger—no relation to the Baron—has already made a considerable name in Paris, and it is desirable on every account to avoid any possibility of confusion. M. Regnal's opera will be performed this season at Covent Garden according to present arrangements, and the music will, unless we are gravely mistaken, prove an oasis in the desert of recent new operas. The opening scene is extraordinarily animated and pleasing, a drinking song being introduced with nice effect in a natural manner, and not, as too often, dragged in anyhow. There is plenty of dramatic music, the plot being for operatic purposes one of the best we have seen for some time. The French libretto is written "after Prosper Merimée by MM. P. Decourcelle and A. Liorat." Mr. Beatty Kingston has made an English translation, and among the artists engaged to sing the opera are Alvarez, Bonnard, and Miss Saville.

From J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd., 207 and 209, Regent Street, London, we have a polka entitled "Mon Roi," dedicated by the composer to the Hon. Leopold Canning, to His Majesty the King of the Hellenes. The music is not very original, but it evinces more knowledge than that usually brought to bear on English dance music. On the other hand the "Trio" which one is accustomed to in a polka is conspicuous by its absence, though perhaps a mass of intermediate matter may be regarded as a succession of Trios. In any case the composer has not stinted his public in the matter of quantity. The polka is a good one to dance to

—and, indeed, what polka is *not*, provided that you have the right partner?

From E. Ascherberg & Co., 46, Berners Street, London, W. We have received the pianoforte score of "Der Evangelimann," the new opera by Herr Wilhelm Kienzl, with which we shall deal at length next month. The work is beautifully printed, and bound in a quaint cover to represent old leather with brass corner-pieces. Herr Kienzl has been his own librettist, but an English version of the words has been provided by Mr. Percy Pinkerton, and the same has kindly been forwarded to this office by the publishers.

NOTES ON THE JUBILEE.

BY "RAPPEE."

THE Jubilee, looked forward to with so much apprehension by many, and those not the less shrewd, has come and gone in triumphant fashion. The most superb weather, combined with the very perfection of organization, made the affair the most brilliant success of its kind that has ever taken place. The Clerk of the Weather collaborated with the chiefs of the Metropolitan and City Police—both of whom have been very properly decorated in recognition of their invaluable services on the occasion—to ensure the passing of the most gorgeous pageant of modern times with complete smoothness and supreme effect. There was no jarring note from beginning to end.

* * *

So much for the actual procession, witnessed by denser, but far more orderly crowds than ordinarily assist at the annual Lord Mayor's Show. But the chief value of the Jubilee rejoicing lies in its effect upon English-speaking people all over the world, and secondarily upon foreign Nations. At no time in the history of this century have our Colonies been so thoroughly at one with the Mother Country. Misunderstandings there have been; neglect, it may be, has sometimes characterised the action of England in dealing with her Dependencies. But the Diamond Jubilee has gone far to wipe out the memory of any differences, if, indeed it has not wiped them out for ever.

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN, Ireland, India and the Colonies were "solid" in their fervent enthusiasm to do affectionate homage to the Queen in a spirit in which such homage has never been paid before. Even in our Parliament—the Parliament that actually comprised 100 persons so ignorant and so degraded as to encourage in his folly the King of the Pirates and Cut-throats who call themselves Greeks, and then leave him to his fate—even in our Parliament where such men are allowed to sit, only a mouldy contingent of some 40 Irish

Riff-raff could be found to enter their contemptible protest against the loyal address of congratulation to Her Majesty! Such men—if men they can be called—would enter a protest against anything, except perhaps an arrangement for giving themselves a salary for misrepresenting their unfortunate constituencies. So that their opposition was to be counted upon, and in fact, amounted to a compliment. Any proposal stamped with the approval of Mr. Dillon—described by Mr. Healy, who was, if he is not now, a member of his gang, as a “melancholy humbug”—could only be regarded with suspicion by honest men.

* * *

OTHER snarlers there were, notably in the Austrian Press. Writing with that fine casualness so typical of Continental journals, the Viennese *Neues Tagblatt* lamented *after the event* the absence of the very features in our procession which were actually the most prominent! It also in certain slovenly and ill-informed sentences threw mud at us in a way which we can well afford to despise. Nothing is quite so silly as the abuse of foreign critics who have not taken common trouble to arrive at the elementary facts of the situation with which they pretend to deal. And jealousy is obviously apparent.

* * *

THE general effect of the Jubilee celebration was greater than its wildest supporters could have anticipated. Though I myself probably suffered personally more inconvenience from it than any man in the British Isles, I say frankly that the scheme was good, that it was splendidly carried out, and that its result will be permanent and of unspeakable value to the Empire at large.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER OF “PEARSON’S WEEKLY.”—Your idea of giving a “Missing Word” competition every month does not appeal to us strongly. The thing is played out. Nevertheless, as you will see, we offer a prize *this month only*, and rather by way of a joke, to the successful guesser of the “missing word” in a certain sentence.

CLAPHAM RISE.—If she behaved badly to you, you should remember that she is a singer; vocalists have such highly-strung artistic temperaments, that they cannot always regulate their conduct according to the rules which govern mere ladies and gentlemen.

ABERDONIAN.—You deny a sense of humour to musicians as a body? Perhaps you are right on the whole. But a lack of perception of the ridiculous argues an absence of imagination, and has certainly never been found among original *composers*. Indeed, so alive are the latter to the comic side of things, that they

extract far more merriment from the musical criticisms in the daily Press than the general public can hope to derive. Possibly the musicians you know are Scotsmen, as well.

STATICIAN.—Frankly, we cannot tell you the exact date of Mr. Sims Reeves’s first retirement. He and Mr. Gladstone were at the game for years.

INJURED INNOCENT.—Yes; but as you are strong, be merciful. Never hit a man when he is down. Wait until he gets up, and then you can easily knock him down again.

JUSTICE.—Some are born rich; others lucky. If you really used anything like the language which you quote to the box-office keeper, you are very lucky to be alive.

BICYCLE CLUB.—Oh no; there is nothing to prevent your describing your smoking concert as “A Cycle of Song.” We do not see how the police could interfere. You ought to include some appropriate melodies such as “I cannot mind my Wheel,” “The Scorcher’s Saturday Night,” “Gin a body collide with a body,” “Put me on my little bike,” “The Devout Cyclist” and “What are the wild Policemen saying?” In order not to tire your audience, the entertainment should begin punctually at 8.

CURIOS (Balham).—You were quite right, Mme. Patti, Adelina Patti as you call her, did take part in some Handel Festivals. She sang in 1865, 1877, and 1880, at any rate. She may possibly have sung since. We hope that you backed your opinion and made a bit of money.

THE LUTE “MISSING WORD” COMPETITION.

A PRIZE of ten shillings will be forwarded in cash to the reader who successfully supplies the missing—that is to say the last—word in the subjoined sentence. If more than one correct answer be sent in, the money will be divided among those guessing rightly. Answers must reach this office on or before the 15th of July. The Editor’s decision is to be final.

The practice of arranging a lengthy programme for a concert, and then permitting “encores” is simply ——!

Now, good folks, surely that is easy enough. Anyone may send as many different answers as he or she pleases, but each guess must be accompanied by this paragraph cut or torn from this month’s LUTE. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take the money!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use, unless stamps are enclosed.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to secure insertion in the issue of the month current.



LUTE

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Dedicated to Charles Hancock, Esq., Mus. Bac.
And the Members of the New Leicester Musical Society.

"LUTE": No 175.

PRICE 2d

SPRING SONG.

Words from the German of
HEINE.

MUSIC BY
SAMUEL REAY.

LONDON.

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST, W.

SOP. *mf*

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

ACCOMP.

About : 94.

1st 2nd

sweetest bells are ring-ing. ring-ing. Speed you forth my lit-tle
 bells are ring-ing. ring-ing. Speed my lit-tle
 sweetest bells are ring-ing. ring-ing. Speed you forth my lit-tle
 bells are ring-ing. ring-ing. Speed my lit-tle

song Of springtime gai-ly gai-ly sing-ing! Speed you forth my lit-tle
 song Of springtime gai-ly sing-ing! Speed my lit-tle
 song Of springtime gai-ly sing-ing! Speed my lit-tle
 song Of spring time gai-ly sing-ing! Speed my lit-tle

song Of spring time gai - ly sing - ing, gai - - ly, gai - ly

song Of spring - - time sing - ing, gai - - ly

song Of spring time gai - ly sing - ing, gai - ly, gai - ly

song Of spring - - time sing - ing, gai - - ly

sing - ing gai - ly, gai - ly sing - ing.

sing - - ing gai - ly, gai - - ly sing - ing.

sing - - ing gai - ly, gai - ly sing - ing.

sing - - - ing gai - - - ly sing - - - ing.

2nd VERSE.

Speed you on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet flow'rs are

fleet - ing Speed you on-ward to a home Where sweet

fleet - ing Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet

fleet - ing Speed on-ward to a home Where sweet

fleet - ing Speed to a home Where sweet

Speed to a home Where sweet

Lute 175.

5

1st 2nd

flow'r, sweet flow'r, are fleeting, fleeting. If perchance a Rose you
 flow'r, are fleeting, fleeting. If a Rose you
 flow'r, sweet flow'r, are fleeting, fleeting. If perchance a Rose you
 flow'r, are fleeting, fleeting. If a Rose you

see, Say, I send her, send her greet-ing,
 see, Say, I send her greet-ing,
 see, Say, say I send her greet-ing, If
 see, Say, I send her, send her greet-ing,

If perchance a Rose you see, — Say, say I send her greeting,
 If a Rose you see, — Say, say I send her greeting,
 — perchance a Rose you see, — Say, say I send her greeting,
 If a Rose you see, — Say, say I send her greeting,

cres. Say I send her greeting, *rall.* Say I send her greeting.
cres. Send her greeting, greeting, *rall.* Send her greeting.
cres. Say I send her greeting, greeting, *rall.* Say I send her greeting.
cres. Send her greeting, *rall.* Send her greeting.



MR. FRED
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MR. FRED REGNAL (F. D'ERLANGER).